The purson nodeled and held on tight,
And thought of emidding first other thin

There are many that go on a level road, With seidom a feiting up or down, and yet they unmage to spit their load. Before they got to the surface lower; this thousand the service and strong in grade. No doubt," and the parson, "thanks, or according to grade.

good day!
I'm glad we're safe at the market-place!"
—Jesphins Follard, in Youth's Companion.

ASSAUNT ELLICE" TOLD IT.

CHAPTER I. And so you are teasing for the story of that night—only because you heard me refer to it, yesterday, when I was chatting with your mother, as the only adventure which ever befolme in all my five-and-lifty years? And you take it for granted, you foolish young people, because I called it an "adventure." that it must needs be as

people, because I called it an adventure," that it must needs be as "thrilling" as the stories you waste your time in following so breathlessly through your modern novels, and behind the footlights? You will be disappolated then; I give you fair warning! It was all over in a short half hour, It was all over in a short half hour, and, moreover, I wasn't in the least the heroine of it; I only "assisted" at it, as the droll French phrasegoes, which was perplexing you m your translation yesterday, Dorothy. And, moreover—but you want the story, you say, and not ten minutes of preface? The impertinence of your generation spoke in that! Well, you must have the story, then, I suppose. Put a fresh log on the fire, Tom; I don't want you poking at it, presently, as you'd be certain to do, in the midst of the only "thrill" my small narrative can boast. Tell the maid not to bring the lamps for half au hour; story-tellers are owlish, you know, in their love for the dark.

their love for the dark.

It happened to use the winter I was eighteen years old. I had been spending the Christmas holidays with Uncle Philip and Ahnt Heater Heywood, up in Ayr; and as always happened when I went to them, my visit of a fortnight had langthered out turn months, and Eaker. lengthened out into months; and Febru-ry found me still with them. I never was as happy elsewhere as at Ayr. At home, as you know, I had quite a patriry found me still with them. I never was as happy elsewhere as at Ayr. At home, as you know, I had quite a putriarchal tribe of brothers and sisters, to share with me papa's affection, and the possibilities of our very limited income; but at Ayr I reigned supreme; and I am sure that no child of their own could have held a warmer place than I, in Uncle Philip and Aunt Hester's hearts. Their marriage had been childless; and it was natural that the only child of Uncle Philip's favorite sister should be so very dear to them. They were slannish folks, always, the Heywoods; and they never made any very friendly advances to the second Mrs. Aliasworth—good housewifel's soul that alse was! nor to any of her big brood of children. It was usually rather pointedly to Miss Elica.

The marriage had been childless; and it was natural that the only child of Uncle Philip's favorite sister should be so very dear to them. They were slannish folks, always, the Heywoods; and they never made any very friendly advances to the second Mrs. Aliasworth—good housewifel's soul that alse was! nor to any of her big brood of children. It was usually rather pointedly to Miss Elica.

"I owe you an apology for my rudeness, Miss Eleanor," he said, "and I don't to know how best to make it. Only perhaps you can fancy that a man who would gladly be of service to a wo—to womankind—and sepis to be will be could ever serve them in the high things of mind and spirit, in may feel resentful, a little, when we see them so 'arm'd and well prepared 'against physical evils; also, that he can not hope to serve them even there!"

"Oh yes, his apology for my rudeness, Miss Eleanor," he said, "and I don't to wo would gladly be of service to a wo—to womankind—and sepis who would gladly be of service to a wo—to womankind—and sepis who would gladly be of service to a wo—to womankind—and sepis who would gladly be of service to a wo—to womankind—and sepis who would gladly be of service to a wo—to womankind—and sepis who would gladly be of service to a wo—to womankind—

Ainsworth that letters of invitation came addressed.

I had never been happier at Ayr, than that winter I was eighteen years old. Aunt Hester gave me first, that year, a responsible share in the entertaining of the goests of whom her hespitable house was rarely empty; and this was a pride no less than a pleasure to me, for she had striet old-fashioned ideas of the place of young girls in social life, had Aunt Hester. I was very happy in the society of the elever young place of young girls in social life, had Aunt Hester. I was very happy in the society of the clever young people who found, in Madam Heywood's happy in the society of the clever young people who found, in Madam Heywood's home, a congenial atmosphere. And among the guests was the heroine of my little adventure; to which I am coming, eventually. Tom, in spite of your impatient doubts to the contrary! She was the daughter of one of Uncle Philip's college objurns a Miss Elanov Forsact and the porth wind the sping of the porth wind the sping outright, in the madness of helpless fear. college chums, a Miss Eleanor Forrester. She must have been about twenty-four years old then. I believe I worshiped her with a hero-worship that would have satisfied the heart of Thomas Carlyle himself! It was not so much that she was beautiful (though looking back through the years, I still think her face, in certain moods, the most beautiful face I ever saw), as that she was at once so gracious, so genuine, She had not the someand so sweet. She had not the some-what rough self-assertion which so often belongs to women of her power and courage; she had not the finesse, the subtle, false "policy" which so often belongs to women of her infinite tact She was a bit of a Di

The particle of the process of the p her he used to have a loaded revolver kept in every guest-chamber in the house; I dare say you would find one or two in the old cabinets up yonder still. I had them overhauled and reloaded not very long ago; and I have an im-pression that some of them were left where we found them. We will look over them together some day, Miss Elsanor."

be the aused to have a loaded revolver between the port of the control to the the site of the control to the co be laughed at as 'cocentric,' when I am only using the right, natural means which I believe exist to boys, men and women alike, to strength and usefulness, and in the tracet sense, self-possession!' We had acrived at the hall door as Eleanor finished speaking; and as it opened, the warm firelight fisshed out ruddily across the twiight anow. Stuart stood aside for Eleanor to pass in, and taking off his cap, stood uncovered, "I owe you an apology for my rudeness.

wood House shook under the raging as sailt of the north wind that, charged with sharp rain and sleet, flung itself just hope enough to lift, me out of the against the wall, and reared at the windows. I remember that early in the afternoon a few of us, impatient at the description of the moment toward possible self-possession. **I will be quiet, "I afternoon a few of us, impatient at the description with which the heat of a confirmation with which the heat of a confirmation with words sound to the confirmation with which the heat of a confirmation with the confirmation with th drowsiness with which the heat of indoors weighed down their eyelids,
marrily dared such other to a walk—arr
wade, rather—round the barn through
the anow; but so deep was the snow, closet yonder; I have seen him. He
and so strong was the wind, and so
short the sleet, which out one's face.

"Listen, there is a man in that
the snow; but so deep was the snow, closet yonder; I have seen him. He
and so strong was the wind, and so
but he heard the servant stirring in the
like millions of thy spears, that I was rooms above, and closed the curtains to sharp the sleet, which cut one's face like millions of they spears, that I was rooms above, and closed the curtains to rooms above, and closed the curtains to wait till all was quiet. That must have been half an hour ago. He will try again, soon."

She paused a moment, for the storm breath, that Unele Philip took me up like a baby in his strong arms and carried me to the settle by the blazing fire.

We tried no more "excursioning" that day.

"There is a loaded pistol vender, in

wide chimney, sent the coals flying over and beyond the hearth; and in the hurry of gathering them up, I forgot my curiosity.

Not long after, we blew out our candles; and, comforted and protected by the sense of Eleanor's dear and strong companionship, it was not long before I fell saleep.

I woke suddenly, with a sense of slighing and oppression, and became conscious that I was struggling with both hands to free myself from some weight which was being close pressed against my face. My eyes once fully open, I saw, to my amazement, that it was the coverlid from whose pressure over my mouth I was struggling to free myself, and that Eleanor's hand held it there.

She was very pale; there was no color in all her face but the burning gray of her eyes; and they were looking down into mine with such accommand in them to be silent and motionless as no spoken word could have made more forceful.

In the moment's pause, after my consciousness fully came, I heard the distant clocks across the river strike one. Then the storm, which had fulled a moment, broke forth again with a roar as of loosened domons; and through the turnit, Eleanor spoke, in a whisper so low that senses less terror-keen than mine could not have caught a word:

"Ellies, I want you to be perfectly quiet. I have held this against your mouth for fear that, waking, you might cry out. If you will keep quite quiet, and the way was alleged and one are forceful.

I have held this against your mouth for fear that, waking, you might cry out. If you will keep quite quiet, and the way was alleged and one are forceful.

The heart of the face of the face

home to Eleanor.

And that is quite all my story. And when you remember that, as I said in the beginning, it is the only adventure that has befallen me in all my five-and-fifty years, it does not seem much of an adventure, after all—do you think it does, my dears?—Godey's Lady's Book.

How They Marry in Poland.

Ix Poland, it seems, it is not the would be bridegroom who proposes to his lady love, but a friend. The two go together to the young girl's house, our and Oleander Street could have failed ogether to the yellog five acuse, car-ying with them's load of bread, a bottle f brandy and a new pocket-handker-hief. When they are shown into the best' room the friend asks for a wineof brandy and a new pocket-handkerchief. When they are shown into the
"best" room the friend asks for a wineglass; if it is produced at once it is a
good sign; if not, they take their leave
without another word, as they understand that their proposal would not be
accepted. Suppose, however, that the
desired wine-glass is forthcoming, then
the friend drinks to the father's and
mother's health, and then wake where
their daughter is, upon which the moththeir daughter is, upon which the mother goes to fetch her. When she comes into the room the friend (always the friend) offers her the glass, filled with brandy. If she puts it to her lips she is willing, and then the proposal is made at once. But it is the fashion to refuse it several times before finally accepting. verson in her way, too; I think it was her supurb horsemashin that, so as deared her to Under Philip's heart, as field mo to the settle by the blating first deared her to Under Philip's heart, as field mo to the settle by the blating first deared her to Under Philip's heart, as field mo to the settle by the blating first deared her to Under Philip's heart as first with a support of the young man do un society to not always young man do un society to at always to the young man do un society to not always to the young man do unsociety to the young man do the work of the young man do the young the presence only the watch-down to the young man do the young the first way on the stating fools on the young man do the young the presence only the watch-down to the young the presence only the watch-down and the young will erose the young the young man do the young the young man do the young the presence only the watch-down and the young the young the presence only the watch-down and the young will erose the young t

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

Firmer scientists have liquefied orong PROF. TAMASEA attributes the imme-liate mass of death by hanging to the looing of the respiratory organs. That ounds reasonable. Ms. Wallace says that the butterfly

unknown In South America and the est Indies (except as a race straggles Cuba) and in the Pacific Islands. THE Journal of Pharmacy and Chem-try (French) is the authority for the atement that in some of the suburbs of aris people keep vast numbers of bee hat subsist by plundering the sugar re

As the cold produces changes in organic substances closely resembling those caused by heat, an Hungarian chemist proposes to cook fresh beef by exposing it to a temperature of 82 deg. below zero. It is then placed in hermodically scaled cans, and is thus preserved in perfect condition for a long time.

time.

A SIMPLE indelible ink may be made by taking equal parts of coppers and vermilton, powdering and sifting them, and afterward grinding the powder in linseed oil. The whole is finally pressed through linen. The paste obtained can be used either for writing or printing on wool or calico. It resits bleaching.

RAIN-WARE bringsdown yearly about twelve pounds of amnonia per acre of ground. To supply, an equal amount at six cents a pound would cost the farmer \$2.88, and this is therefore the manurial value of the rain. To this, however, must be added a certain quantity of nitric or nitrous acid.

tric or nitrous acid. Large quantities of pottery are man ufactured in Brazil from the hard, sille unactured in Brazil from the hard, sille-ious bark of the caraipe tree. In the process, the ashes of the bark are pow-dered and mixed with the purest clay that can be obtained from the beds of the frivers—this kind being preferred, as it takes up a large quantity of the ach, and thus produces a stronger kind of ware.

of ware.

THAT the hardest steel is not the most durable for railroads appears from an examination of the war of some of the steel rails on the Great Northern Line, England. Seven of the rails, which lay side by side on this road, were taken up and tested, and it was found in one instance that a hard rail had been worn away one-sixteenth of an inch by traffle amounting to 5,251,000 tons, while a soft rail for the same amount of wear had withstood 8,402,000 tons: in another instance, she total was 15,531,-000 tons for the hard rail and 31,061,000 tons for the soft rail, the wear being the same—one-sixteenth of an inch. Analysis showed this last rail to consist of 99.475 per cent. of iron and minute quantities of carbon, phosphorus, sili-con, manganese, sulphur and copper.

PITH AND POINT.

CO'LABORERS-Anthracite miners. An exchange speaks of a man being gored to death by an angry bull," as if good-natured bull would do such a ing.—Fond du Las Reporter.

thing,—Fond du Les Reporter.

A MAN living in the country finds lightning-rod son his house to be a great protestion. They keep lightning-rod peddlers
from calling and chiming the head of the
house.—New Gricans Picayane.

He didn't know it was loaded. There
were only three fingers in it, but it carried away three of his. He says he can
get along very well with his work,
though he is "a little short-handed."—
Andrews' Queen.

He was brought before the Calveston

He was brought before the Galveston corder on the charge of drunkenness: "Do you plead guilty or not guilty?"
"I don't plead at all. I deny everything," "Do you deny having been up here before?" "I should smile. Why, Judge, I deny being here right now. If you catch me giving myself away just wake me up and let me know it."—Galveston News. veston News.

A FEW facts not so generally known a they should be: A watch fitted with a second-hand need not necessarily be a second-hand watch. Doctors generally agree about bleeding their patients. Steam is a servant that sometimes blows up its master. An ungrammatical Judge is up to pass an incorrect sentence. Poschers who gat into pretence. Poachers who get into pre-serves very often find themselves in pickles. Any fool can make a woman talk, but it's hard to make one listen. A thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand.—Judy.

slasm of the raggedto notice the enth looking individual in front of the speak-ers' stand. He whooped, yelled and cheered so that the speaker, who is also a candidate, met the enthusiast and shook him warmly by the hand, remarking:

was caused by the life-long devotion to the Democratic principles?"
"No, not entirely. I don't give a cent more for Tom Jefferson than I do

for General Weaver or old Hayes."
"Then I am to construe, your fistering demonstration of enthusiasm to admiration for my humble efforts as a

eaker."
"May be so, but I didn't bear a word you said, I was so busy letting myself out and firing myself off, so to speak. When I attend a public meeting I never listen to what the speakers say. If you were to get off the Lord's prayer and the tan commandments, I would obser them all the same. All I ask is a chance to holler?

My friend," said the candidate,

"My friend," said the candidate, "will you be kind enough to explain why you hurrahed and went on so when I was addressing the suffragana?"

"I've no objections. You see, when I get tight I want to cheer—am bound to do it. Every time for the past six months until right now, whenever I undertook to cheer on the street, the policeman grabbed me by the neck and choked me off before I had given one good gourse with. About given one good square velp. About election time's the only chance that I get to express my emotions, and I go to ward meetings to bet them out. I whoop up the Greenbackers, Itadicals and Democratic all alike, and I believe they ought all to be accouraged. What we ought all to be encouraged. What we need is more parties. There ought to be three or four meetings a day, so I can work off my delayed enthusiasm."—
Galveston Nees.

Time evening express train leaving cests for Vienzis on October 9 had to be called up short when approaching Rakos Station to avoid running down an enormous buffalo, which had taken up a menacing attitude between the rails. This animal had, a few bour previously, brought a goods train to a standstill on the same spot, which he evidently re-garded as the frontier of his own especisl domain. After many fruitions at-tempts to drive the huge beast off the line, the railway officials contrived to lasso him, and, tying his legs tightly to-gether, to haul him hodily into an ad-joining field.

Aunt Kitty stooped over and whis-pered something, which had the effect of bringing Pussie on her feet, as she exclaimed, "Why! how didyouknow?" "I once was a little girl myself, dear."

"Oh yes, I know; but then you never "Don't be too sure of anything, little one. What should you say if I told you that I found out your fear of the dark just because I used to feel as you feel now?"

Still incredulous. Passie, shock her. Still incredulous, Passle shook her

head, saying, "But when did it go away? You are not afraid of anything

away? You are not afraid of anything in now."

"Come here, and I will tell you." i and taking the child on her knee Aunt Katherine told her this little story of her own life.

"When I was a child I was as timid as a hare. I was very shy; I did not like strangers, and I did not care for companions of my own age. I was perfectly happy with my mother and father and my beloved dolls. Now you see you have the advantage of me, for you are not shy, you are fond of little girls and boys, and then, too, you have your dogs and your pony. Now I was so afraid of a dog that the sight of one, as far off as I could see him, filled me with such terror that I instinctively drew up my small legs, and then took to my heels. I was so afraid of a worm that I have gone a whole block out of the way to avoid passing one. I am afraid, Pussie, that I was a born coward, but nothing was so absolutely awful to me as the dark. A familiar room was bad enough when unlighted, but one that was unoccupied was to me the most truly horrible place that could be conceived of. The windows, with their distinctly defined sashes, were one of the most frightful features for me, and I remember I ving awake at night of the most frightful features for me, and I remember lying awake at night and seeing the four or eight white squares in the darkness, and trembling with fear—of what I did not know. And Miss Katherine heard a little mur-

And Miss Katherine heard a little murmur.

"Oh, auntle, it always frightens me so! I am glad it frightened you, too." And with a closer cuddle abe said, "Please go on."

"Once my father spoke to me about it, reasoning with me most lovingly and tenderly, never uttering one word of ridicale or of reprosoh, telling me that no one else could help me in overcoming the dread of darkness, but that I might conquer it myself. I used to wonder if I should ever feel as he did about it, and be as brave as he was in

go up the first flight of stairs in the back part of the house—unlighted save by a ground-glass window, through which the hall lamp threw a dim light. I had made up my mind to begin with the worst, and went steadily, up, one, two, three, four flights of stairs; the last led to the attic, divided into two mooms—the outer one finished but nesser occupied; the inner one unfinished, and each lighted by a window in the reof, and communicating by a little door, so low

den there, auntie something Well, Pussie, so crawled out from eac ad had a narrow And all this tir

Our Young Folks.

If I were a bird, I would worke a song.
The sweetest and innex that were we hoved. And build me a neat on the swinging state.

O, shart when I'd do if I were a bird.

If I were a flower, I'd meates to bloom.

A through grawif beautiful and the day with drawing the successful and the day with drawing the successful and the day.

If I were a flower, I'd would sparkle said dease.

Among the green facine where sheep and and the day of the green facine where sheep and and eath, "little imbitine, come hiffer, and drive."

O, it were a brook, it is what I would on the print.

O, it were a brook, that is what I would on the print.

Ye wild the lone eaflors in occase fast, and traveters lost in the dessels and three.

If I were a affect it would skine wide and the print.

Ye wild the lone eaflors in occase fast, and traveters lost in the dessels and woods; O, that's what I'd off if were a turn's fand out.

If I were a first, I would skine wide and drive.

If I were a trook, I would skine wide and drive.

If I were a brook, that is what I would on the print.

On it were a brook, that is what I would on the print.

Ye wild the lone eaflors in occase fast, and traveters lost in the dessels and woods; O, that's what I'd off if were a turn's fand.

Man the more yrook kay's to the mose-covered atones.

A CHILD'S VILTORY,

On the rug before the open fire and Russie, her head against her aunt's fance, her skye in her arms—a picture of content. After a sileace of at least two minites she drew a long breath song that Annt Kitty faughed, and asked her what the matter was.

With a good deal of hesitation this oay."

"Pussie, why don't you like to go to bed?"

"Pussie, why don't you like to go to bed?"

"Pussie, why don't you like to go to bed?"

"Then I will bell you why. Shall I, dear?"

"Oh, auntie, why don't you like to go to bed?"

"Oh auntie, why don't you like to go to bed?"

"Oh auntie, why don't you like to go to bed?"

"Oh auntie, why don't you like to go to be deed to be a like the second of the interfac

THE RESIDENCE OF THE PARTY

Be Honorable.

Boys and young men semetimes start out into life with the idea that one's success depends on sharpness and chicanery. They imagine if a man is able to "get the best of a bargain," no matter by what deceit and meanness he carries his point, that his prosperity is assured. This is a great mistake. Enduring prosperity can not be founded on cunning and dishonesty.

The tricky and deceitful man is sure to fail a victim, sooner or later, to the

to fall a victim, sooner or later, to the influences which are forever working against him. His house is built apon the sand, and its foundation will be certhe sand, and its foundation will be cer-tain to give way. Young people can not give these truths too much weight. The future of that young man is safe who eschews every shape of double-dealing, and lays the foundation of his career in the enduring principles of everlasting truth.—Young Folks' Rural.

The Christmas Sentiment.

Next to the day itself, which every ne who has been reared in a Christian and should hold as sacred. I like the sentiment which envelopes Christmas; there is so much about it that savors of harmony, concord, peace—a peace that means not merely the sessation of means not merely the cessation of hostilities between conditating interests in our social world, but that serener, broader, deeper peace which unites man to man by all the ties of friendly intercourse which proceed out of an universal desire to make Christman a bright apot among the fading measures of the year. I like the sentiment the more because it prevades every community and brings to view the better side of every man's character. Not a Serooge nor a brings to view the better side of every man's character. Net a Scrooge nor a Gradgrind on earth can wholly steel himself against its humanizing influence, and though the closing of the day may find no charity dispensed or giadness awakened, yet it will at least surely find the edge of als habitout severity biunted. If there is were times or market. ed. If there is ever "peace on earth" in its failest sense, it is on thristmas. I do not believe that custom and usage alone have made the modern anniversary day of our Savior's nativity one of rejoicing; it has ever occurred to me that since first the glad tidings went out from Bethlehem the event has left its impress on each succeeding generation, and that each recurring "happy morn" has found the chord of human sympathy and love responsive to the mystic glow. If this were not so I think we should wonder if I should ever feel as he did about it, and be as brave as he was in every way.

"Seme little time passed away, and when I was about seven or eight years old an idea flashed through my brain, and I will tell you what I did.

"It was just about this hour, between six and seven o' clock, and at this season of the year, when I made up my mind to explore the whole house in the dark. Sir John Franklin and Dr. Kane (you remember I was telling you about them only last night?) could not have had a firmer conviction of the dangers they were braving than I had as that moment. "The Dark was quite as uslice of that day. They are beautiful; they are just They help us to coherent out lines and to shape throw in the channel that is best suited to their mement. "The Dark was quite as usknown a region to me as the north pole
to them, and set thick with terrible
risks and perils; but having made up
my mind to do it, the possibility of rekreat did not occur to ms, for I benseesber I felt as if it were a sort of duty, a
promise to my father; so I walked out
of the room where all the family were
sitting by the fire-light, and began to
go up the first flight of salars in the
hand part of the house—unlighted save the occasion is one that we should be the occasion is one that we should be truly thankful for. This world of ours is bettaged by Christmas, and every one of as should help to make it memorable.

Laws of the Ring.

- Yorkana Gazei

the outer one finished but never occupied; the inner can unfinished, and each lighted by a window in the roof, and communicating by a little door, so low that, small as I was, I could not stand upright in passing through. In utter darkness I climbesh the sheep stairs, closing the door as the foot, and at last found myself grozing my way into the finite attic through the dmor I have just described. Then on my hands and knees I crawled under the caves, breathless and trenshing; I left no corner unexplored. I remember going back more than once, to be sure that I had not "shieked." In this way I weak into every room, crawling under overy bed, which was an especial horrer to me; I don't known why—do you, Pussie?"

"Oh, analio, it is dreadful under the beds!"

"But what is it you are afraid of? Are you afraid that some one is conceived there who will hurt year?"

"No, indeed; I don't know wast it is but I always feel that something."

"Well, Pussio, so ""

Deadwood, is under

a house. She hitched the owner was ab-

WHICAGOL